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# HAUNTED BY A SHADOW;

—OR—

## HUNTED DOWN.

### A DRAMA

IN FOUR ACTS

—BY—

Geo. E. Chase.

—X—

—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—  
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE  
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE  
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS

—X—

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# HAUNTED BY A SHADOW; OR, HUNTED DOWN.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

WILLIAM DEAN.....	A judge of the court
FELIX BOLTON.....	A detective
CAESAR ORANGEBLOSSOM	The true William Warren
HANK FINN	
BARNEY O'TOOLE	
RALPH MONKSLY.....	A villain
FRANK WAYNE.....	Alias William Warren
DR RADCLIFF.....	Keeper of a private asylum
NORA DEAN.....	Daughter of Judge Dean
MRS. WARREN.....	William's mother

—X—

Time of Representation—One hour and forty-five minutes.

—X—

## COSTUMES—MODERN

—X—

## SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. *Scene 1st*—Home of Judge Dean—Mrs. Warren meets her son, Will Warren, (alias Frank Hayes) whom she has not seen for years—Nora and her boy lover—Interview between Ralph Monkly and Frank—A plan to get rid of Mrs. Warren—The “shadow”—Nora and Frank—The “ghost.” Caesar Orangeblossom—Lost papers—Felix Bolton, the detective, on the trail. *Scene 2nd*—Caesar visits the office of Ralph Monkly—The drugged wine—“Caught in his own trap”—The quarrel—Dr. Radcliff—The bargain closed.

ACT II. *Scene 1st*—Judge Dean and the detective Bolton—Frank's villainy exposed to the Judge. *Scene 2nd*—The lunatic asylum—An answer to the advertisement—“H-a-n-k Hank F-i-n-n Finn—Hank Finn—Hank and the dog—Mrs. Warren, an inmate of the asylum—The brutal doctor—Rescue of Mrs. Warren by Hank.

ACT III. *Scene 1st*—The proposal—Judge Dean's request of Nora—Nora refuses Frank—His anger and threat—Legal papers—An English fortune—Mrs. Warren's decision—Abduction of Nora—The detective to the rescue. *Scene 2nd*—Nora in the asylum—Escape of Nora—Death of Dr. Radcliff—Papers found.

ACT IV. *Scene 1st*—Barney O'Toole in possession—He discovers a plan of robbery—The detective as a Dutch peddler—Frank and Ralph recognize him, capture and confine him in trunk—Barney releases him—The robbery—Death of Ralph—“I have kept my oath!”—*Scene 2nd*—Frank's villainy exposed—Barney, the rightful heir and son—Shadowed—The criminals to justice—Happy ending.

—X—

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E. (S. E. E.) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; I. F., I cor in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

E.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

\*.\* The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage facing the audience.

# Haunted By A Shadow; or, Hunted Down.

## ACT I.

SCENE I—*Sitting-room in house of JUDGE DEAN. Sofa R.; small round table, C.*

MRS. WARREN *discovered seated by table, sewing.*

Mrs. Warren. How swiftly time flies! It seems but yesterday since Willie left me; but it is really seven years since he went to California. He was a gay, hopeful boy then, with the world all untried before him. Now, if he be living—and I pray Heaven that he is—he must be a man. Let me see! He would be twenty-one this very day. What changes have occurred since he left me! Then, I was in comfortable circumstances, and living in my own house; but now, I am obliged to toil at my needle for a mere pittance, and have no place that I can call home. Something seems to tell me that my boy still lives; but why does he not come, or write to his poor mother? He cannot know how I need him, or he would hasten to my assistance. Ah, here comes some one? (*rising*) Who can it be?

*Enter, FRANK WAYNE, alias William Warren, L.*

Frank. (*removing hat*) Mrs. Warren, I believe!

Mrs. W. Yes, sir!

Frank. I called to execute a commission for a friend.

Mrs. W. (*placing chair*) Pray be seated, sir.

Frank. (*sits*) I am from the west.

Mrs. W. Indeed!

Frank. Yes, from California; you have friends there, have you not?

Mrs. W. My only son is there. Oh, sir, can you tell me aught of him?

Frank. You have not heard from him in some time, I believe?

Mrs. W. You have something to tell me of him. Tell it, whatever it may be! I can bear anything better than this harrowing uncertainty.

Frank. Have you ever thought that he might return, and even his own mother not know him? (*she gazes intently at him*) Mother!

(*extending arms*) Mother, don't you know me?

Mrs. W. It is! It is! Oh, Willie, Willie! (*they embrace*)

Frank. Yes, mother, it is indeed Willie—the rover—returned with plenty of money. Mother dear, you shall never want again while life and strength are mine.

Mrs. W. But why did you not write, Willie? I have not heard a word from you in three years.

Frank. Mother, I have been a prisoner among the indians during all that time, and while with them, I discovered a rich gold claim. I escaped, led a party of speculators to the spot, and sold my claim for enough to make us independent for the rest of our lives. So you see, I owe my good fortune to my capture by the savages. But, mother, what of Nora Dean? Has she forgotten her boy-lover, yet?

Mrs. W. Ah, no, Willie! She has grown to be a most beautiful woman; the prettiest girl in the city, and the belle of her circle; but I know that she still thinks of you. She is in her room. I will send her in, for you must see her. (*exit, R.*)

Frank. So far, all right! Now, if the girl can be deceived as easily, I am certainly a lucky dog.

*Enter, NORA, C.*

Nora. (*aside*) Can it be?

Frank. (*extending hands*) Nora, do you not know me? I am William Warren.

Nora. How you have changed. I should never have recognized you; but welcome back to home and friends. When did you come?

Frank. But yesterday. I must indeed have changed, for my own mother did not know me, and you have changed, too. Nora, how beautiful you have grown!

Nora. There, no compliments! Is that one of the bad habits you have learned in the west?

Frank. No, but this is! (*kisses her*)

Nora. I declare, Will, you are just as much of a boy as ever!

(*turning away*)

Frank. Are you sorry?

Nora. Well, I don't know as I am; that is—(*starts R.*) I must go and tell father that you are here; for he will be anxious to see you. (*exit R.*)

Frank. I am afraid the old man will not be so easily deceived as the old woman and girl were; but I must do my best.

*Enter, RALPH MONKSLY, alias Hayes, L.*

Ralph. Well, Mr. Warren, how goes the battle? How have you succeeded thus far?

Frank. I have nothing to complain of; my most sanguine hopes could not have asked for better success. I tell you, Monk—I mean Hayes—we are playing a desperate game; but the stake is large.

Ralph. Well, what progress do you report? And, by the way, a slip of the tongue like that you just made in calling my name, might have cost me dearly, had any one been within hearing.

Frank. I will be more careful, hereafter. Everything so far, has worked like a charm. The old woman received me with open arms, and swallowed my story without winking; and the girl, she is a stunner! she takes me for all I'm worth. Even were there no plunder in question, she must and *shall* be my wife!

Ralph. What is the next move in the game?

*Frank.* In the first place, we must get rid of the old woman, and I want your advice as to the means to be employed; but, mind you, no more mur—I mean such work as we did in California. (*shadow passes door, c.*) Ha! What was that? Did not a shadow cross that door? I've seen that shadow several times since I came from the West. Do you believe in ghosts, Hayes?

*Ralph.* Ghosts! (*laughing*) Why, Warren, you are not turning coward, are you?

*Frank.* No, Hayes, you know I'm no coward; but ever since *that* night, I haven't been myself. When alone, I feel as if I was continually followed, as if I was never really alone, and the shadow of the dead seems hovering about me. There! (*starting*) I tell you there is something by that door.

*Ralph.* Pshaw! I'll look out there to satisfy you that it is all imagination. (*puts head out at door*) I told you so; there is no one there.

*Frank.* I could have sworn that I saw the shadow. I'm not myself to-day. But to business; how is the old woman to be disposed of?

*Ralph.* I have a plan. Confine her in a lunatic asylum; if insane, she is dead in law, you know.

*Frank.* Capital—the very thing! but how to bring it about?

*Ralph.* I know a man who can accomplish it. (*rising*) Meet me within an hour at my office, and I'll make known to you my plans! (*exit R.—shadow passes door*)

*Frank.* (*starts*) That cursed shadow! Can I never get rid of it?

*Enter, NORA, R.*

*Nora.* I hope you will pardon me for staying away so long. Papa has gone down to his office, and— (*ghost appears at door*)

*Frank.* Oh, Heaven—the shadow again! Spare me! spare me! (*ghost advances, then retreats*) Horrors! Am I always to be haunted by that awful form? I cannot endure this.

(*he rushes out, L.—NORA screams and starts to run out R.*)

*Enter, JUDGE DEAN, R.—NORA falls into his arms.*

*Judge.* (*assisting her to sofa*) Bless me, the child has fainted. I never knew her to do that before. (*examines her pulse*) Oh, my child! She is dead.

*Nora.* (*rousing up*) No, not dead: a sudden weakness, that was all. Assist me to my room, father; give me your arm.

*Judge.* My child, can you tell me the cause of this?

*Nora.* Not now, father; oh, take me to my room. (*exeunt R.*)

*Enter, CAESAR ORANGEBLOSSOM, C.*

*Caesar.* Bress my body, an' bress my soul! De good Lord sabe dis sinful darkey! Dar am ghosts in dese departments. 'Clar afore de Lord, dis chile seed de spirits at de doah. I'se gwine fo' to hang up a boss shoe hyar, sure as I'se born. Dem is de things dat fixes de ghosts. De spirits, unless dey be in liquid form, nebber comes into dis eh le's sumptuous departments under neaf de roof. 'Case why? 'Case de boss shoe hangs ober de doah. Nebber in de course ob my most highly educated career upon dis terrestrum clime, hab I seed ghosts afore. (*picks up package of papers*) Hi, yi—what am dis? De Lord dat created man wid alienable rights, give him also inalienable prequisites, as de politicians say, "dese I propriate."

(*puts package in pocket—dusting furniture*)

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*Enter, FRANK, L.*

*Frank.* Did you see any papers here? (*looks about room*)

*Caesar.* Yes, sah! (*taking several papers from table*) Here's de Herald, Times and Sun. Which one did you want, sah?

*Frank.* You don't understand me! (*takes document from pocket*) I mean written papers like these.

*Caesar.* Dem kind? Hain't seed nuffin' like dem! (*bell rings R.*) Dat's de bell dat calls me from dis location. (*exit C.*)

*Frank.* (*walking back and forth*) I am unlucky. The continual haunting of the shadow, is driving me mad. My nerves are all unstrung; a sudden noise, any unexpected incident, agitates me beyond measure. Can the shadow be the spirit of the dead? No, it cannot be—it is impossible! (*pause*) My most important papers—those that relate to the English fortune—are gone. It will require much time and money to replace them, and should they fall into the wrong hands, I am ruined.

*Enter, JUDGE DEAN, R.*

—Good evening, sir!

*Judge.* (*bowing*) You were with my daughter a few moments since; can you tell me the cause of her fright?

*Frank.* Some one perpetrating a practical joke, I think. A white form suddenly appeared at the door. I hastened into the library, hoping to reach the hall, and prevent the person's escape. I presume your daughter was more frightened than I thought. Where is she now?

*Judge.* In her own room, quite unnerved by the occurrence.

*Frank.* In that case, I will bring my visit to a close. I trust she may suffer no serious inconvenience. (*bowing*) Good evening. (*exit C.*)

*Judge.* Can it be that young fellow was the person my daughter said wanted to see me? If so, why didn't he make his business known? I do not agree with him that it was some one merely perpetrating a joke. *Neither did he think so!* There is something very mysterious about this affair. I must see my daughter.

*Enter, CAESAR, C.*

*Caesar.* (*handing card to JUDGE*) A gentleman to see you, sah!

*Judge.* (*takes card—reads*) "Felix Bolton, Private Detective." Show the gentleman in. (*exit CAESAR, C.*) Felix Bolton! Ah, I remember the man; I thought the name seemed familiar.

*Enter, FELIX BOLTON, C.*

*Felix.* (*bowing*) Your honor.

*Judge.* Mr. Bolton, be seated!

*Felix.* Do you remember, judge, that I worked up a little case for you some years ago?

*Judge.* Most certainly I do, sir!

*Felix.* It was when Henry Osborn disappeared mysteriously. We found his dead body floating in North river, and I fastened the crime upon one Monksly, a petty lawyer and ward politician; but he escaped at the time.

*Judge.* Yes, yes; go on, sir!

*Felix.* I am going, sir. Perhaps there are new developments in the case. It might be well to retain me again.



*Judge.* I see you have some information to communicate, and you want to be paid for it.

*Felix.* Business, your honor—a man must live.

*Judge.* (*handing money*) Well, here is a retainer; now, please proceed.

*Felix.* (*takes money*) Thanks! The new developments are these; Monksly is somewhere in the city, living under the alias of Hayes, and if you say the word, I'll hunt him down!

*Judge.* (*rising*) Bring the wretch to justice, and you shall be rewarded.

*Felix.* I want no reward, only money enough for my expenses, and I should not have come to you at all, had I been able to bear the necessary expenditure myself.

*Judge.* Very well; I hope you may succeed. Is there anything further?

*Felix.* That is all, your honor! (*bowing*) Good day!

*Judge.* Good day, sir! (*exit, FELIX, C.*) Now, I must see my daughter, and learn if possible, who that fellow was, and the nature of his business here. (*exit R.*)

SCENE II—*Private office of RALPH MONKSLY. Small round table, C.*

*Enter, CAESAR, L.*

*Caesar.* Nobody to home! De house am lef' alone. Wonder whar Massa Hayes am? Sartin he hain't journeyed far, 'case de doah wasn't fast. Well, dis chile je ' makes h sse'f easy till he comes in. (*sits by table*) Dese yer patent keerd tables am mighty handy! (*examines table*) but dis don't seem to turn like Massa Dean's. Dat's it; de cotch was fast. (*turns top of table*) Specks Massa Hayes nebber knowed dat table turned on a pivot in de center ob de top, fo' dat cotch am so rusty, looks like it was nebber used.

*Enter, RALPH, L.*

—Massa Hayes, Massa Warren sent me hyar after dat package he lef' dis ebenin'.

*Ralph.* Well, I'll look it up for you. You're not in a hurry.

*Caesar.* Yes, massa, I is!

*Ralph.* I have some fine old wine; won't you wait and try it? Besides, I have something to tell you.

*Caesar.* (*smucking lips*) I reckon, massa, I ain't in quite so much of a hurry as I was.

*Ralph.* (*laughing*) I thought you would change your mind. I will bring you something equal to the best in your master's cellar.

(*exit, RALPH, R.—CAESAR quietly follows him to the door*)

*Caesar.* De ole coon put sumfin' in one ob de glasses. Wonder if he's gwine to try to pizen dis chile? (*sits at table*)

*Enter, RALPH, R.*

*Ralph.* (*setting glasses on table*) Well, here's the wine!

*Caesar.* (*takes up glass*) Dat's de real ole color! Dat minds me ob Massa Dean's grape-juice you see at Massa Dean's cellar. (*pointing to side of room*) S'pose dat stripe in de carpet was de wine casks (*RALPH turns, and looks in direction indicated—CAESAR turns table*) Dem casks all had lock-faucets, and you couldn't draw widout de

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key; but dis citizen jes' tapped 'em on de back. Dat's de way we runs de Judge's cellar.

*Ralph.* Well, take hold and drink hearty. *(they drink)*

*Caesar.* *(smacking lips)* I golly, dat is fine! Now, what am you gwine to tell me, Massa Hayes?

*Ralph.* *(starts)* What does this mean? How—how—

*(head sinks upon table)*

*Caesar.* Christopher Columbus—or any other man! *(laughs)* I nebber had so much fun since I had de measles. Dey didn't cotch dis colored person dat time. I'se heerd ob turnin' de tables, an' I reckon dat dey was turned dat time, sure. *(rising)* Good bye, Hayes! Pleasant dreams! De papers am safe, yet. *(exit C.)*

*Enter, FELIX, L.*

*Felix.* Hark! Ah, that's the man! He is in a drunken sleep. I could arrest him now; but he is making up some new deviltry, and I want to let him have his rope until the moment he thinks success is certatin; then I'll come down upon him, and crush his plans; he's the man I have sworn to hunt down, and bring to justice, and I'll do it! *(exit L.)*

*Enter, FRANK, C.*

*Frank.* Asleep? *(shakes him—starts back)* What means this? Caught in his own trap, as I live! A thousand curses upon that black imp! He must have the cunning of satan, to outwit Hayes. *(shaking him)* Wake up! wake up!

*Ralph.* *(rousing up)* What—what's the matter?

*Frank.* You've been beaten at your own game, and that, too, by a nigger!

*Ralph.* *(rising)* Furies! You are right! How could he have done it? Well, I'll be even with him yet. I'll have those papers, though I cut his black heart out to gain them.

*Frank.* We are delaying too long; we must bring matters to a crisis at once. Everything seems to go wrong in your hands, Hayes. I sometimes wish I had not listened to your tempting, that I had never entered upon this dangerous scheme. Hayes, you have been the evil genius of my life. Out in California, years ago, when I was honest and respectable, you crossed my path and educated me in crime. You have gradually led me on, deeper and deeper into its depths, and you crowned your devilish work by inducing me to become a murderer!

*Ralph.* Frank Wayne, I'll have none of your abuse! You're a fool! Your nervous imaginings of ghosts, are only the whims of an old woman; but they are no excuse for you heaping your abuse upon your best friend, who has done all in his power to serve you. You have no nerve, Frank Wayne, you are a contemptible coward!

*Frank.* *(snatching up a chair)* You lie! No man calls me a coward and lives! I'll dash your villainous brains out!

*Ralph.* *(drawing revolver)* Drop that chair, my friend, and seat yourself, or I'll lodge an ounce of lead in your brain! Quick!

*Frank.* *(puts down chair)* Demon! It is your time now; but mine will come, and when it does—beware!

*Ralph.* Now look here, Warren, what is the use of this foolishness? We can't afford to quarrel. I acknowledge I was fast in calling you a coward, for I know that whatever else you may be, there is not a grain of cowardice in your composition. It was your

bravery that led me to seek you out for a friend. Accept my apology, for it is true; and let us not break so firm a friendship as ours has been. Here is my hand; take it and do not bear malice against me, Frank. (*taking his hand*) Do not notice my freaks. I am not myself. I believe I am half crazy!

*Enter, DR. RADCLIFF, L.*

—How are you, Dr. Radcliff? This is Mr. Warren. (*RADCLIFF bows*) Mr. Warren has a relative that he wishes to place under your care—the woman I spoke to you about. What are your terms under the circumstances?

*Doctor.* My terms are quite high. You see the authorities are more vigilant of late; but if I undertake the case, I pledge my word that there shall be no trouble. My house is very well conducted—never had any trouble. My patients never go out into the world to tell how they are treated. They remain as long as they live. They call me the mad doctor, and people shake their heads when they speak of me, but no one has yet been able to prove anything against me.

*Frank.* (*aside*) No doubt you are a successful villain. (*to RADCLIFF*) Well, speak out! Let us close the bargain.

*Doctor.* My terms are one thousand dollars down, and another thousand after the patient is secured. You see my prices are high; but I deal only with the wealthy. The poor cannot employ me.

*Ralph.* (*aside*) No, and they are usually too honest to do so.

*Frank.* I accept your terms. And now, how are you to get the patient in your power?

*Doctor.* Leave that to me! By to-morrow night the woman shall be securely locked in my private mad-house. Mr. Hayes pointed out the woman to me on the street, and I'll make no mistake.

*Frank.* You speak confidently and I hope you may succeed. Here is your money. (*handing money*)

*Doctor.* (*taking money*) You may depend upon me. I never fail, when I'm paid! (*exit, L.*)

*Ralph.* You can depend upon him, Warren! He is as wily as the devil himself. Come, sit here, and we'll have a game at poker! (*RALPH deals cards*)

END OF ACT I.

CURTAIN

ACT II.

SCENE I—Street.

*Enter, FELIX and JUDGE DEAN, R.*

*Felix.* Of course you're right, Judge! It wasn't no ghost that scared your folks; and what's more to the point—I don't think it was a practical joke. If I mistake not, William Warren is not the man to be frightened by a shadow, unless—you know, "the guilty flee when no man pursueth."

*Judge.* That is what puzzles me! Warren is, of course, a very good principled young man.

*Felix.* Oh, he is! Ain't he a sort of missionary—one of those

young men, christians, that go about trying to reform folks, and do good generally?

*Judge.* You speak sneeringly; but, sir, I know that Warren is an excellent young man.

*Felix.* I merely asked for information, that's all. You see, Judge, when I see a young fellow like Mr. Warren, associating with a thief and murderer, I naturally think he is trying to reform him.

*Judge.* (*indignantly*) What do you mean by these insinuations? Do you dare cast a doubt upon the character of William Warren? I will not permit you to wrong him thus!

*Felix.* I never insinuate nothing against nobody; only I know some things other people don't—that's all.

*Judge.* Evidently from some cause, you have formed a bad opinion of Mr. Warren; but you are wrong.

*Felix.* Glad to hear it! I'm liable to go wrong, I admit.

*Judge.* You certainly are!

*Felix.* Mr. Warren don't never play games in the gambling hells, does he?

*Judge.* Tell me plainly your suspicions, and I am sure that I can show you that they are groundless.

*Felix.* Well, your honor, Warren is the associate and intimate friend of a thief and murderer; he gambles, and associates with all sorts of bad characters. I found this out while watching his friend, the desperado.

*Judge.* Can it be possible that I have been so deceived? Bolton, are you sure there is no mistake?

*Felix.* I'll stake my professional reputation upon the truth of my words.

*Judge.* Poor boy! His character was above reproach when he went to California. Has he committed any criminal act?

*Felix.* I don't say as to that! There's some deviltry going on between him and his friend that I have spotted. What it is I can't say yet. (*starting L.*) Do not let Warren know that you suspect anything of this.

*Judge.* He shall know nothing.

(*exeunt, L.*)

SCENE II—Private apartment in Dr. RADCLIFF'S asylum.

Dr. RADCLIFF discovered seated by table, reading paper.

*Doctor.* Ah, here it is—my advertisement! (*reads*) "Wanted, a young man of experience, to act as janitor at the private asylum of Dr. Radcliff. Apply at the office." There should be an applicant by this time. (*bell rings, L.*) There's one now, I'll wager! (*rises*

*Enter, HANK FINN, L.*

*Hank.* Mornin', governor! How's every bone in yer medical body? Tip us yer flopper, and let me make you acquainted with me!

(*seizes the doctor's hand—shakes it violently*)  
*Doctor.* (*freeing his hand*) Don't be quite so familiar! (*nursing his fingers*) A little of that grip of yours will go a good way. Who are you? What's your name?

*Hank.* (*jerking out his words*) Hank Finn!

*Doctor.* What?

*Hank.* (*spelling name*) H-a-n-k F-i-n-n—one of the b'hoys!

*Doctor.* (*aside*) What a name! Well, Mr. Hank Finn, what is your business with me?

Hank. Hain't you the medical galoot as wants a yanker?

Doctor. I want a janitor!

Hank. That's jist what I said! Well, I'm a yanker from yankers-town, and I kin bounce anything you can trot out. That's the kind of a clothes-hoss I am!

Doctor. Do I understand that you wish to apply for the situation?

Hank. You bet! That's jist what I'm after!

Doctor. Have you had any experience in the business?

Hank. Now look a here, me festive old sardine! I hain't no medical, I hain't; but I'm business, right from the word go! If there's any knocking down and dragging out, consider me there! I'm right on my muscle, I am! If you don't believe it, jump up and balance yourself! *(puts up hands in fighting style)*

Doctor. Never mind! I'll take your word for that part of it. Did you ever work in a mad-house?

Hank. Work in a mad-house? Now you've struck me. I never worked nowhere else.

Doctor. Can you manage unruly patients?

Hank. Now you *have* hit me! I suppose managing unruly patients is the only thing I kin do two men's work at.

*(draws a long crooked handled knife from boot-leg)*

Doctor. *(drawing back)* What under the Heavens do you call that?

Hank. *(picking teeth with point of knife)* That? Why, boss, that hain't no sword, nor it ain't no knife; neither am it a revolver or a tommyhawk. You can call it what yer a mind to, but I calls it a weeping—a weeping of defense.

Doctor. What a curious thing?

Hank. Yes, it's one of my own make. A fellow wanted to buy it of me once; but I said, "no, staanger," said I, "you don't rightly know what you're talking about; you don't know the fine pints there is in this weeping. Sell it," says I—"not if the court knows it!"

Doctor. You seem to prize the awkward thing.

Hank. Doc, jist you cast them optics of yours on this ere weeping! *(doctor jumps back)* and I'll give yer an insight inter the workin's of this instrument, as it were. Notice its useful pints. See for chopping purposes how the old thing works. *(takes an apple from pocket—slices it up)* What can you show that is by nature more made for choppin' bash? *Hash!* Why, there's a fortune in this weeping a sellin' 'em to boarding-houses and hash foundries. *(doctor laughs)* Further, if you want a nice comfortable seat, jist stick the pint inter the ground, and sit down here where the curve of the handle meets the blade. *(sticks instrument into floor—sits on the designated spot—bounds up again with a howl)* I forgot to mention, that it would be well to have the thing a kittle duller jist here, for if you don't, you'll cut your broadcloth, sure!

Doctor. *(laughing)* Hank, you may consider yourself engaged! Now, as to your wages?

Hank. Oh, I hain't particular, if the grub is good and the bitters plenty; but bitters there must be—my constitution requires 'em!

Doctor. You'll have no reasons to complain on that score. When can you enter upon your new situation?

Hank. To onet!

Doctor. *(rising)* Very well! Follow me, and I'll assign to you the work that will be required of you to do. *(exceunt, R.)*

12 HAUNTED BY A SHADOW; OR, HUNTED DOWN.

*Re-enter, DR. RADCLIFF, R.*

—Now, I must look after my new patient. This is devilish mean business; but—

*Hank. (outside)* Git out! Git out, you old devil!

*Enter, HANK, R., running*

—Gol darn that dog, anyhow!

*Doctor.* Man alive, what does this mean?

*Hank.* Yes, I *guess* I'm alive! but if that gol darned old dog had got a leetle better hold on me, I wouldn't have been!

*Doctor. (laughing)* I forgot about leaving the dog unchained. Did he hurt you much?

*Hank.* I can't say that he hurt *me* in particular; but he everlastingly demoralized the rear end of my pants. If you don't believe it, jist cast your peepers this way.

*(turning round shows large rent in seat of pants)*

*Doctor.* That was a pretty close call, sure enough! Come along, I'll see the dog behaves himself after this! *(exeunt L.)*

*Enter, MRS. WARREN, R.—cautiously.*

*Mrs. W.* Am I awake, or am I dreaming? No, this is a terrible reality, and yet the occurrences of last night seem like a hideous dream. While walking, just at nightfall, in a quiet street, I was seized by two rough men and placed in a carriage, and at once hurried to this awful place. Oh, I shall indeed go mad, if I stay long in this house! The sights and sounds are enough to craze my brain. Oh, why am I imprisoned here? What can it mean? If Willie only knew my fearful situation, he would come to my aid; but he knows not where I am. My case seems hopeless. As yet, I have not been molested; but I know not how soon the monster may come to torture me. Hark—what is that sound? Heavens! 'tis footsteps! Some one is coming! Oh, Heaven protect me! *(drops into chair)*

*Enter, DR. RADCLIFF, R., with large whip.*

*Doctor.* Ha, you hussy! you won't eat, eh? And you throw your food out at the window, do you? I'll teach you my word is law, here! Down on your knees and beg my pardon, or I'll whip the life out of you! *(flourishes whip)*

*Mrs. W. (springs up)* Monster—fiend in human form! Would you beat a woman? Back, demon! Come one step nearer and I'll fill the house with my cries for help!

*Doctor. (laughing fiendishly)* Yell away! Nobody can hear you outside of these walls: or if they did they would think it the ravings of madmen.

*Mrs. W.* Oh, man, have you no mercy? Spare me! spare me!

*Doctor.* I'll teach you to call names and threaten me, curse you!

*He advances—MRS. WARREN runs around room, upsetting chairs and table—the doctor falls over a chair.*

*Mrs. W.* Oh, Willie! Willie! Save me from this man!

*(sinks down exhausted)*

*Enter, HANK, L.—placing himself between doctor and MRS. WARREN*

*Hank.* I hope I don't intrude! *(the doctor makes a forward move)*

Hold on! (*shaking fist in the doctor's face*) What do you mean by abusin' a feminine, you ugly looking son of a gun? Goin' to use that hosswhip on that lady, was yer? By the great horned spoon, Hank Finn will never stand by and see a woman struck—not while he's got strength left to put up his manleys, and don't you forget it!  
(*puts up hands in boxing style*)

Doctor. How dare you interfere with my business? Get out of this room! Leave my house—you are discharged! Go, I say!

Mrs. W. Oh, Heaven bless you—save me from this man!

Hank. Ma'am, I'll stand by ye as long as I can draw my breath, and if this here old devil gits you, he's got to rub Hank Finn out first! You don't know I carry a weeping of defense, do you? (*takes knife from boot-leg*) Come, ma'am, and go with me! (*flourishing knife*) Stand aside, you old devil, or I'll chop you into mince meat!  
(*they exit L.—doctor crouching behind table*)

## CURTAIN.

### END OF ACT II.

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I—Same as Act 1st, Scene 1st.

NORA and FRANK discovered seated on sofa, L.

Nora. How thankful I am that your mother escaped from that awful asylum! And that rough, but true-hearted fellow, who saved her—how brave he was! Can you imagine, Will, why she was abducted?

Frank. It must be a case of mistaken identity. My mother has no enemies; but, be that as it may, the villainous doctor shall pay dearly for his work. He has fled from the place; but the police are upon his track, and I hope they may soon capture him. I have instituted inquiries for Hank Finn; but I have not been able to obtain any trace of him. I wish to reward him for his noble act.

Nora. He deserves a great reward. How often we find beneath a rough exterior, a heart more brave and true, than that of many a polished gentleman.

Frank. That is true, my dear! But, Nora, you were to give me my answer to-day. Will you not make me the happiest of men, by consenting to be my wife?  
(*takes her hand*)

Nora. You are very anxious. I don't know! I—my father—

Frank. I have his consent. Oh, my darling, I have loved you long and well. Surely you will be mine?

Nora. Let it be as you wish!

Frank. Nora, may Heaven bless you! This is the happiest moment of my life. (*kisses her*) To celebrate this happy event, would you not like to take a drive with me through the city?

Nora. Yes, Will, I would like very much to go. (*rising*) How soon do you wish to start?

Frank. Just as soon as I can go to the livery and get a carriage. I will go at once, and will be back in a few moments.

(*goes to door C.—throws a kiss—she returns same—he exits C.*)

Nora. (*sitting by table*) I wonder if I shall ever regret the step I have taken? Why should I? Papa thinks he is the very soul of honor, and I know I love him; but I must not be sitting here! He will be back, and I will not be ready.  
(*starts R.*)

*Enter, JUDGE DEAN, c.*

*Judge.* Nora, my child, be seated! (*both sit*) I wish to have a talk with you. I have an important request to make; one, I fear, that will cause you sorrow, and one that you may think unreasonable; but trust your old father, Nora. Remember, he has your best good at heart.

*Nora.* Father, I know you love me; but what is this momentous request?

*Judge.* That you receive no more visits from William Warren.

*Nora.* Father, you cannot mean this! I thought you and Mr. Warren were the best of friends?

*Judge.* So we have been; but, my child, there are grave reasons for my request, although I am not at present at liberty to explain. Only trust me for a little while, and in the end you will thank me for what now seems cruel.

*Nora.* What is the meaning of this? Surely some one has traduced him. Father, you know he is the soul of honor, and—and I love him.

*Judge.* It is the old story; but to young hearts, ever new! When a woman says, "I will," fate holds her hands. My dear child, I trust that your idol may not be shattered; but, for the present, do not seek to learn more, and mention not that I have counseled you thus.

*Nora.* Father, I will obey you; but it is so hard—oh, so hard!

*Judge.* Let us hope that you will soon be free from the promise that you have made.

*Nora.* I am sure that the reasons that have induced you to change so much in your opinion of Mr. Warren, will prove without foundation. When you will regret this bitterly. You know not, father, how much it is to yield a blind obedience to this—that seems to me so unreasonable a command.

*Judge.* And yet, my dear, I insist that you dismiss him!

(*goes to R.*)

*Nora.* Father, I have promised, and I will keep my word.

*Judge.* May God bless you, my own dutiful child! (*exit R.*)

*Nora.* (*leaning head, on table*) Oh how can I do it?

*Enter, FRANK, c.*

*Frank.* Nora, are you ready? The carriage is at the door awaiting you.

*Nora.* (*rises—he takes her hand*) Why, Nora, what is the matter? There is something wrong; tell me what it is? (*she hesitates*) Tell me why you are looking so sad!

*Nora.* Will—Mr. Warren, I regret to say that I cannot accompany you to-day, and, though you may think me heartless and unreasonable, I must ask you to visit me no more.

*Frank.* Nora, do I hear aright? Not accompany me—not visit you more! What can you mean? Surely, you are but jesting!

*Nora.* Do not make my task harder than it is! I mean what I say. For the present, at least, I am not at liberty to accept your attentions. Though it breaks my heart, it must be so!

*Frank.* Then you love me still? Bless you for the sweet assurance! Tell me, dearest, how have I offended you? Believe me, I am devoted to you; I would not willingly cause you a moment's unhappiness. Speak, Nora, how have I incurred your displeasure?

*Nora.* You have not offended me in any way; yet you must



discontinue your attentions. You will soon forget me.

*Frank.* Never! While life and reason are mine, your memory will ever be enshrined within my heart; but can you not explain? Why, oh, tell me why you are so cruel? Why do you thus spurn my love? Listen, darling, to the promptings of your heart! I love you, and am true to you.

*Nora.* (*withdrawing her hand*) Mr. Warren, this is folly! I assure you that I believe you noble and true; prove your regard by observing my wishes.

*Frank.* (*turning away*) I accept my dismissal. You cast my love away for a woman's whim—so be it!

*Nora.* You are ungenerous. You wrong me.

*Frank.* *Nora* Dean, I thought you a true-hearted woman! I thought you had faith in me. Some one lied about me, and it must be that you disaiss me at their suggestion; but mark my words—you will repent this decision when it is too late.

*Nora.* Mr. Warren, I thought you a gentleman! but you threaten a woman! If this is your true character, I thank Heaven that I have cast you off, and it shall be forever! Mr. Warren, good evening!

(*exit quickly R.*)

*Frank.* A thousand furies! What have I done? My cursed temper has betrayed me! Can it be possible that she knows who I am? No, that cannot be! Some private enemy must have informed her of my mode of life. Yes, that must be it! Curse the man who did it! If I could but place my hand upon him, I'd crush the meddling scoundrel as I would a viper in my pathway; but I will not give her up. How beautiful she was in her anger! She must and shall be mine! if not by fair means, then I will resort to foul ones, and let the consequences be what they may! I must at once consult with Hayes.

(*exit C.*)

*Enter, NORA, R.*

*Nora.* He has gone, and all I can say is—my joy go with him! Perhaps I was in the wrong; (*sits by table*) but I have cast him off, and it must be for either weal or woe! I wonder what he could have done to provoke papa's displeasure? It certainly must have been something quite serious. If papa would only tell me, I could feel so much better satisfied; but I know he is doing what he thinks is right, and for my own good.

*Enter, JUDGE DEAN, R.*

*Judge.* Well, my child, I suppose Mr. Warren accepted his dismissal without any serious objections, did he not?

*Nora.* I can not say that he did. At first, he thought I was joking, and would not listen to anything of the kind; but when he found that I was in earnest, he became quite serious, and insisted that I must tell him my reasons for not wanting him to visit me any more. Of course I could not do that. He became angry at me, and made some pretty broad threats.

*Judge.* The scoundrel! What did he say?

*Nora.* He said, "Mark my words, you will repent this decision when it is too late."

*Judge.* What reply did you make?

*Nora.* I said to him, "If that is your true character—to threaten a woman, I am glad I have cast you off, and it shall be forever!"

Whether I did *right* or *wrong*, I am not now prepared to say.

*Judge.* Daughter, my honest convictions are, that you did *right*, and I believe you will think so too, before long.

*Nora.* Father, I know you have good and sufficient reasons for advising me to do what I have, or you would not talk in this way. I am fully reconciled to let the matter rest just where it is. (*taking package of papers out of dress pocket, giving them to her father*) I have here a package of papers, that belong to Mr. Warren. Caesar gave them to me the day he started west; he said he found them, and he made me promise to keep them until he came back; but—

*Judge.* (*looking at papers*) Why, these papers relate to a large English fortune, to which William Warren is the principal heir.

*Enter, MRS. WARREN, C.*

—Take them! (*handing papers to NORA*) Be sure that no one gets hold of them. Good morning, Mrs. Warren! Please be seated.

(*she sits*)

*Nora.* Will you not lay off your wraps?

*Mrs. W.* Thank you, Nora, I can stay but a few moments. I wish to have a short private talk with your father, on a little business matter.

*Nora.* Very well; then you will please excuse me?

*Mrs. W.* Certainly! (*exit, NORA, R.*)

*Judge.* I am at your service, Mrs. Warren! What can I do for you?

*Mrs. W.* You know I spoke to you a few days ago, about bringing suit against that villainous old doctor, Radcliff?

*Judge.* Yes, yes!

*Mrs. W.* I understand that he is back in the city again.

*Judge.* Is it possible? Then I would advise you to proceed at once with a suit for damages. There must be an end put to that old scoundrel's nefarious business! He has thus far successfully escaped punishment; but I believe we can produce evidence in your case, that will be sufficient to convict and send him to states prison—besides getting a judgment for a large amount as damages for false imprisonment.

*Mrs. W.* (*rises*) I will do as you advise. When can you attend to the matter for me?

*Judge.* To-day, if you wish. I will be busy this forenoon. If you can come over—say two o'clock this afternoon, we will set the ball rolling.

*Mrs. W.* Very well—that will suit me! I will be on hand promptly at the specified time. (*bows*) Good day! (*exit C.*)

*Judge.* Can it be possible that William is heir to a large fortune? I must see my daughter and get those papers. This matter will bear investigation. (*starts R.*) It may be that we have been a little hasty in dismissing William. (*exit R.*)

*Enter, MRS. WARREN, C.—hurriedly.*

*Mrs. W.* (*very much excited*) Judge Dean! Judge Dean! Lord help us—he is not here!

*Enter, JUDGE DEAN, R.*

*Judge.* What is wrong?

*Mrs. W.* (*sinking into chair*) Nora! Nora is—is—

*Judge.* Has anything happened to Nora?

*Mrs. W.* Yes, and unless there is something done immediately, you may never see her again!

*Judge.* Mrs. Warren, what can you mean? Please speak out!

*Mrs. W.* As I was leaving the house, I saw Nora standing on the walk just outside the gate. A carriage was driven up at that moment, a man jumped from the seat, seized and hurried her into the carriage, closed the door, and drove quickly away. I recognized the man as Doctor Radcliff.

*Judge.* My God! Is this true? What can we do? There is no telling where he will take her.

*Mrs. W.* I will hasten home at once, and tell Willie what has happened; he will be over and join you in the search. *(exit C.)*

*Judge.* *(walking floor)* I am so flustered, I can not decide what would be the best thing to do; but there must be something done, and—

*Enter, FELIX, C.*

—Mr. Bolton, you are the very man I want to see! You just now met Mrs. Warren—she, no doubt, has told you what occurred.

*Felix.* Yes—and there ought to be something done at once. Your daughter is in great danger.

*Judge.* I realize that. Now, Mr. Bolton, I want you to undertake the work of restoring my daughter to me, and bring that villainous old doctor to justice; and whether you succeed or not, you have only to name your reward, and it is yours. Will you do it?

*Felix.* I will! And if I can restore your daughter to you, it will be the happiest day of my life. I called to see you about a little business matter; but that can rest for the present. I will proceed at once to ascertain if possible, where he has taken your daughter.

*(exit C.)*

*Judge.* I must have the police enlisted in the search, also.

*(exit R.)*

SCENE II—Private apartment in Dr. RADCLIFF'S asylum—small table C.—settee R. of table.

*Enter, NORA, R.*

*Nora.* Oh, how am I to endure this? It is dreadful! What can it all mean? That my confinement in this horrible place is the scheming of some unscrupulous villains, there can be no doubt; but what it is for I cannot tell. Can it be that William Warren is the cause of this? Indeed, I fear it is, and if so, may the Lord have mercy upon me! *(sinking on settee)* Oh, what shall I do? *(buries face in hands)* What shall I do?

*Enter, FELIX, R.—cautiously*

*Felix.* I am right; this is the place, and that is Judge Dean's daughter, without a doubt. *(going over to her)*

*Nora.* *(rousing up)* Where am I? Oh, tell me this is but a hideous dream!

*Felix.* I am Felix Bolton, and have come to take you to your home and father, Judge Dean; so do not be afraid.

13 HAUNTED BY A SHADOW; OR, HUNTED DOWN.

*Enter, DR. RADCLIFF, R.*

*Doctor.* What do you want here? Leave this room at once! Do you hear me?

*Felix.* Stranger, seems to me you ain't overburdened with manners. May be you take me for somebody else—your nigger, perhaps. When you address me, I'd advise you to be a little less commanding as it were.

*Doctor.* Look here, old man, my time is precious! I'll not bandy words with you! Come, miss, I want you to go with me!

*(she sinks back on settee and utters a groan)*

*Felix.* Sir, what right have you to keep this lady a prisoner here? By what authority do you command her to go with you?

*Doctor.* I command her to go with me, because I am able to take her, if she doesn't see fit to obey! *(advances toward her)*

*Felix.* *(draws pistol)* Advance a single step, and I'll shoot!

*Nora.* Oh, save me! Don't let him take me! Don't give me up to that villain—he is my worst enemy!

*Felix.* If he takes you, it will be over my dead body.

*DR. RADCLIFF strikes revolver from FELIX'S hand, clenches and throws him on floor—draws dirk knife, and is about to stab FELIX—NORA snatches revolver and fires at the doctor.*

*Doctor.* The hussy has shot me!

*(tries to strike her with knife—she fires again—he falls)*

*Felix.* *(quickly rises)* Let us leave this place at once!

*(exeunt quickly c.)*

*Enter, RALPH and FRANK, L.*

*Ralph.* Great Heavens, what does this mean? He is dead! Warren, the girl has killed the fellow, and has successfully made her escape. We have been beaten again.

*Frank.* Ah, ha! *(taking papers from dead man's pocket)* What's this? The long sought for papers, as sure as we live! *(slapping HAYES on shoulder with papers)* By jove, Hayes, what do you think now?

*Ralph.* I think we had better be getting away from this place pretty devilish quick, if we don't want to be taken in, and held to account for the killing of this fellow! *(exeunt L.)*

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I—Private office of LAWYER HAYES—small round table c.—large trunk, R.

BARNEY O'TOOLE discovered dusting the furniture.

*Enter, RALPH, L*

*Barney.* Your office is scrubbed, scraped and dusted, and, be jabers! the mon that had charge of it foreinist me—may the devil fly away wid him! Bad luck to him for a dirty blackguard! Devil

a swape did he iver give it, at all! The dirt was that thick on the floor, ye could dig a cellar in it, begorra!

*Ralph.* Well, Barney, I'll leave you in charge here until I return, for I am going out again at once. If a gentleman calls, tell him to wait. *(exit L.)*

*Barney.* In charge is it? Begorra, if I'm in charge, then it must be that I'm the boss of the shanty! *(takes dressing-gown from chair, puts it on)* Now, let the whistlers come—I'm ready to receive them. *(placing thumbs in arm holes of vest—struts back and forth)* By the holy smoke! I think it's meself that was intinded by nature for a gentleman. What style I've got about me! Faith, don't I wish Biddy McGhee was here this blissed moment? Arrah, if she could only see me now, that red-headed, long-legged, double-jointed spaipeen of a Mike Flaharty wouldn't have a devil a bit of chance wid her any more; but Barney O'Toole would be walkin' nixt Sunday wid Biddy on me arm. Arrah—be jabers! Some one is comin' in! *(throwing off gown)*

*Enter, FRANK, L.*

*Frank.* Is Mr. Hayes in?

*Barney.* No, sir; but here he comes, now!

*Enter, RALPH, L.*

*Ralph.* Ah, Warren! how are you? Barney, just step over the way and procure some cigars.

*Barney.* Yis, sir!

*(exit L.—they sit)*

*Ralph.* Now, to business! Funds must be had from some source. I'm about out of money, and you are not much better off. Did you get the impression of Judge Dean's safe? You know I spoke to you about it shortly after your return from California.

*Frank.* Yes; I secured it soon after you spoke about it. The crib must be cracked, for it is the only way to get the money to carry on our scheme. I received a letter yesterday from the English attorney in London, and he wishes a copy of those papers certified by one of our courts, forwarded to him at once, and he states that it will be necessary for us to be in London in September next, to attend court. He says, your personal identity being fully established, the papers will do the rest.

*Enter, BARNEY, L.—sets box of cigars on table.*

—Now, Barney, bring us a bottle of wine!

*Barney.* I will, sir!

*(exit R.)*

*Re-enter, BARNEY, with bottle of wine and glasses—places them on the table.*

*Barney.* Here ye are, sir; but it is meself as would rather have a glass of the rale ould red eye, the rale ould Irish whisky, but sure if a gentleman was after axin' me, "Barney, would you take a sip of the wine?" faith and I couldn't refuse him.

*Ralph.* *(laughs)* That is a broad hint—but help yourself to a glass.

*Barney.* *(pours out glass and raising to his lips)* May ye niver be dead till ye die, sir! *(drinks)*

*Ralph.* How is it, Barney?

*Barney.* Faith and ye wouldn't ax me to judge from that bit of a sip, sir?

*Ralph.* *(laughing heartily)* Well, try another, Barney!

*Barney.* Be gorra, ye have the very same words of the post-

master-general—me old master in Dublin! He was takin' his wine one day. "Barney," says he, "try this!" "I will," says I. "How's that?" says he. "Sure I can't tell from that," says I. "Take another," says he, and I took the bottle up this way, and poured it down like this.

(*he drains the bottle*)

*Ralph.* You rascal!

*Barney.* That's what the postmaster-general said, sir!

*Ralph.* Well, your master must have been a good-natured fellow and so am I. Bring us another bottle.

*Barney.* I will, sir! (*takes bottle from pocket in tail of coat*) Here ye are, sir, right from the private cellar of Barney O'Toole!

*Ralph.* You can go now. We will drink *this* wine ourselves.

*Barney.* (*goes to door*) You didn't call me back, sir?

*Ralph.* No—begone!

*Barney.* I'm going! (*exit L.—returns*) Did you speak, sir?

*Ralph.* No!

*Barney.* Oh! (*exit—returns—listens at door*)

*Frank.* Well, Hayes, when had we better make the raid on Judge Dean?

*Ralph.* To-night—there is no reason for waiting longer.

*Frank.* Very well; but at what time?

*Ralph.* We must be in the room where the safe is, by two o'clock, if possible. People sleep the soundest at that hour.

(*BARNEY disappears*)

*Frank.* All right! I think there is no possibility of our being discovered, as we shall not have to force the lock or make the least noise. I have the key that I had made from the wax impression, and it is perfect.

*Ralph.* No; I do not think we shall be discovered; but remember if we are, shoot whoever stands in your way, without parley. We must not be captured under any circumstances.

*Frank.* Right, and we cannot be recognized, for we are both to be masked.

*Ralph.* Most certainly! It would not do to risk recognition.

*Enter, FELIX, disguised as a Dutchman, R.*

*Felix.* Vell, shentlemen, how you vas? (*both jump*) Vat for you shum like dot? I vas no bickbecket!

*Ralph.* What are you doing here? What do you want?

*Felix.* Vell, I ain't doin' much of anytings—shust shpeaking mit you shentlemen, dot's all! But I vants to sell you shentlemen some of mine goots vat I got here—dot ish vat I vants!

*Ralph.* We don't want any of your goods, so get out!

*Felix.* Ish dot so? Don'd vant any, eh? Dot ish wery queer indeed!

*Frank.* What kind of goods are you selling?

*Felix.* (*putting pack on floor*) I vill show you. I carries general line of articles vat makes a yellow look different than vat he is, (*takes up a mask*) You puts him on shum like dot. (*puts mask over face*) How you likes him?

*Ralph.* (*aside to FRANK*) This is our opportunity. (*to FELIX*) How much do you ask for them?

*Felix.* Fin-und-swanzig cent!

*Ralph.* Twenty-five cents?

*Felix.* Yah! (*RALPH takes FRANK aside—talks in whisper*)

*Frank.* Very well! We will take two.

*Felix.* (gives masks to FRANK—takes money) Dot ish right! Tank you!

*Stoops to wrap up pack—RALPH motions to FRANK to snatch FELIX'S wig and whiskers off.*

*Frank.* (snatches off wig) How much will you take for this wig, (snatches off whiskers) and these whiskers?

*Ralph.* Felix Bolton, by all thats bad! (*FELIX tries to get revolver from pocket*) Let's bind and disarm him! (*they spring upon him and bind him*) Now then, you human blood-hound, you are not quite as shrewd as you thought. Your little scheme didn't work. You came to betray us to death or imprisonment. You live by selling human life and liberty; but now you shall meet with the reward you richly deserve; and would that all the policemen, detectives, sheriffs, and officers of the law were with you, at my mercy! I'd crush them to death! Curse them and curse the law! I hate it!

*Felix.* You're right when you say you hate the law, and you'll hate it worse yet, when you're serving out your time in the State prison, for instance.

*Ralph.* (drawing revolver) I'm half a mind to blow out your dastardly brains!

*Felix.* Do so, and change your sentence from imprisonment to hanging.

*Ralph.* (raising lid of trunk) We will just put the rascal in this trunk, and keep him here till we feel disposed to liberate him.

(*they carry him to trunk*)  
*Felix.* (as they lower him in trunk) Oh, you dev'ls! You shall pay dearly for this!

*Frank.* (closing lid) It is lucky for us that we have secured that fiend. We can now go about our work without much fear.

*Ralph.* Yes, and the sooner we get through with it, and start for England, the better we will be off. So let us prepare at once for the work. (*exeunt R.*)

*Felix.* Help!

*Enter, BARNEY, L.*

*Barney.* Hist! Devil a bit, if he's here!

*Felix.* Help! help!

*Barney.* Hark! Be jabbers, that sounds like Bolton's voice!

(*goes over near trunk*)

*Felix.* Barney, is that you?

*Barney.* Faith, and he must be in that thrunk! (*raises lid*) Begorra, man! and what ye doin' in there?

*Felix.* For God's sake unloose these cords, and help me out of here!

*Barney.* (assisting FELIX from trunk) Now, let's be after leaving this place at once, or begorra, we'll be taken in, sure! (*exeunt L.*)

*Enter, RALPH and FRANK, R.—they are masked—RALPH points to trunk—FRANK partly raises lid, and points revolver—RALPH shakes head, and points again at trunk key—FRANK locks trunk and puts key in pocket—exeunt L.*

SCENE II—Library at JUDGE DEAN'S residence—safe at L.—window at right of safe—stage dark—thunder storm continues during scene.

*Enter, RALPH and FRANK, through window. RALPH has dark lantern.*

*Ralph.* Now, Warren, let me have the key! The coast is clear

22 HAUNTED BY A SHADOW; OR, HUNTED DOWN.

and I'll crack the crib in no time! Remain here at the window and watch.  
(*goes to safe, unlocks it and opens door*)

*Enter, FELIX and BARNEY, 'L.*

*Felix.* (to RALPH) I arrest you! Do not attempt to escape, or I'll fire! (FRANK bounds through window—RALPH drops lantern and rushes to window) Seize him! seize him!

(RALPH tries to get revolver from pocket—FELIX fires)

*Ralph.* Oh, Heaven! I'm shot! (*falls*)

*Felix.* (to BARNEY) After the other one; I'll attend to this one! (*exit, BARNEY, through window—FELIX examines pulse*) Dead! Shot through the heart! (*removes mask—starts back*) Good Heavens! It is Hayes—alias Monksly—the man who murdered my old partner. I swore to hunt him down, and I have kept my oath.

*Enter, BARNEY, through window—JUDGE DEAN, R., in stocking feet, without coat or vest.*

*Barney.* Faith, and the bird has flown!

*Judge.* My God, men! What is going on here?

*Felix.* Don't get excited, Judge! It's all over. Only a case of house-breaking—this man and a pal were cracking your strong box, and we surprised them. That's the whole story, in short. Thanks for the information given by this good fellow, to whom we owe our timely presence here.

*Barney.* Begorra, Judge, there's no thanks due me! I've only done my duty, and may the devil fly away wid me if I iver do less! I heard thim puttin' up the job, and I squelled to Mr. Bolton, that's all, be jabbers!

SCENE III—Same as Act 1st, Scene 1st.

*Enter, JUDGE DEAN, R.*

*Judge.* How sad it is to find one in whom we trust, turn out badly. No young man stood higher in my esteem than William Warren. Were my information from any less reliable source, I should hesitate in believing it; but Bolton, the detective, has never yet made an error, and I feel justified in placing implicit trust in him. What a blow this will be to his mother! Her whole life is centered in her son. Oh, how can he be the vile wretch that he is? He will bring his mother in sorrow to the grave, and he has already ruined his own bright prospect forever.

*Enter, FRANK, L.*

*Frank.* Judge Dean, you may think it rather imprudent in me to call here, after what has occurred between myself and your daughter; but I deem it but justice to myself, to ask an explanation of the matter.

*Judge.* You shall have an explanation. I am informed by a trustworthy person, that you are a very bad character, a—not a fit associate, in fact, for my daughter.

*Enter, BARNEY, L.*

*Frank.* It is a base lie! Who dare accuse me thus?

*Barney.* I dare!



*Frank.* You? I'll have your life, you cursed meddler!

*Barney.* (raises shillelah) Drop that barker, or, be jabers—I'll brain ye! I will, begorra! Drop it, I say! (he drops revolver)

*Enter, FELIX, NORA and MRS. WARREN, R.*

—Mr. Bolton, arrest that man! He is the accomplice of Hayes, the robber.

*Felix.* (drawing revolver) Put up your hands! (puts handcuffs on) Sooner or later we take them in.

*Barney.* Friends, I have an explanation to make. The man known as Hayes, and this man, (points to FRANK) learned that William Warren was the heir to a large fortune. They met him in California, and this man here, who strikingly resembles Warren in personal appearance, conspired with the other villain to murder Warren; then they were to return to the east. Wayne—that is this man's correct name—was to assume to be Warren, and attempt to secure the fortune. This plan they have followed as far as they could. They attempted to kill Warren; but they only wounded him. Thinking him dead, they returned here. This man Wayne played his part well, and you all thought him to be the real William Warren. As soon as his wound would permit, Warren followed his enemies, learned their plans—

*Frank.* Great Heavens! Who are you?

*Barney.* Your guilty fears betray you! (tearing off wig and side-whiskers) I am the true William Warren, and I denounce you as my would-be murderer! (FRANK covers back in terror—women scream) Mother! Nora! At last my work is finished!

(takes his mother and Nora by hand)

*Mrs. W.* Can it be possible we have been thus deceived?

*Barney.* Yes, mother, it is true! Nora, have you not a word to say to me?

*Nora.* This is so unexpected to me, I hardly know what to say! It seems strange that we all could have been so deceived. Yes, William, as I said once before, I welcome you back to home and friends.

*Felix.* Pretty good, ain't it, Judge?

*Judge.* It is, indeed! I am astonished beyond measure!

*Barney.* Though unknown to you, my dear mother and Nora, it was I who played the part of the shadow, Hank Finn, the rough diamond, and Caesar Orangeblossom, and lately, as you all know, Barney O'Toole, the Irish servant. Thus I was ever near to protect you. In the future, which now opens brightly before us, I shall be your protector, for now the schemes against us have been thwarted and the villains hunted down.

THE END.

CURTAIN.

# THE COMMERCIAL DRUMMER.

---

A Drama in 3 Acts, by Thorn Melross, for 6 male and 2 female characters. This piece is immense. It is printed from the author's original manuscript, and has been produced with great success by the American Theatre Co.

## SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. Home of the late Richard Marlow. Interview between Frank Ross and Lawyer Dudley. The pious deacon and Verda Miller. Reading the will. Joe's dog collar. Richard Marlow, the false heir. The child of the Dark Continent in trouble. Three villains. "Ten thousand to silence my tongue!" Zadie, the deserted wife of John Dudley. An attempted murder. Joe's little "barker" interferences. Deacon and Joe. Frank and Verda; his resolve to become a "Commercial Drummer." Zadie and Verda at home. Mr. Dudley's proposal to Verda, and the misunderstanding. Murder of Deacon Foote, and Frank accused. The struggle, "life or death!"

ACT II. Zadie, Verda, and the tramp. "Painted benches." "My kingdom for some soup." Booth and Zadie. Attempted murder of Zadie; Ashtor, the tramp interferences, and makes Dudley hand over a "William." Booth and the Indian. Too much beer. The stolen will. Joe in the barrel. Target shooting. Verda's refusal to marry Dudley. Abduction of Verda, and Joe knocked down.

ACT III. Ashtor and Booth. Corn plasters; "There's millions in them!" Olie, the Swede. Zadie, the Census taker. Two "bummers!" Rescue of Verda by Zadie. Frank discovered by Richard, as Booth. "He must die!" A job for Olie. "In the soup!" Hot and cold boxes. Olie and Booth to the rescue of Zadie. Explanations. A new version of McGinty. A love scene. Capture of Verda. Supposed death of Booth. Fright and death of Dudley. Capture of Richard. Frank and Verda secure the fortune at last. Zadie avenged and the "Commercial Drummer" sells corn plasters no more.

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## THE Intelligence Office.

An original Ethiopian Sketch in 1 Scene for 3 male characters—as produced at Tony Pastor's Opera House. This sketch is extremely ludicrous—costumes modern—time in representation 15 minutes.

# Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.		✓	✓	NO.		✓	✓
<b>FARCES AND COMEDIES.</b>							
129	Aar-n-ag-gos	2	1	186	My Day and Now a Days	0	1
132	Actor and Servant	1	1	273	My Neighbor's Wife	3	3
12	A Capital Match	3	2	41	Obedience	1	2
166	A Texan Mother in Law	4	6	241	Old Clothes	3	0
30	A Day Well Spent	7	5	33	On the Sly	3	2
169	A Regular Fix	2	4	246	Othello	4	1
80	Murdering Suspicious	4	3	57	Paddy Miles' Boy	5	2
78	An Awful Criminal	3	3	217	Patent Washing Machine	4	1
65	An Unwelcome Return	3	1	165	Persecuted Dutchman	6	3
31	A Pet of the Public	4	2	196	Poor Pilchery	2	3
21	A Romantic Attachment	3	3	238	Prof. Bones' Latest Invention	5	0
123	A Thrilling Item	3	1	159	Quiet Family	4	4
20	A Ticket of Leave	3	2	171	Rough Diamond	4	3
175	Betsey Baker	2	2	180	Ripples	2	0
8	Better Hall	5	2	267	Room 14	2	0
86	Black vs. White	1	2	48	Schaps	1	1
22	Captain Smith	1	3	138	Sewing Circle of Period	0	5
84	Cheek Will Win	3	0	115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore	3	3
225	Cupids Capers	1	1	5	Somebody's Nobody	3	2
49	Der G's rises	1	1	213	Sports on a Lark	3	0
72	Do	5	1	232	Stage Struck Yankee	4	2
19	Don	4	4	238	Strawberry Shortcake	2	0
42	Domestic Economy	1	1	270	Shed and Skinner	5	0
188	Dutch Prize Fighter	3	0	1	Slasher and Crusher	5	2
220	Dutchy vs. Nigger	3	0	137	Taking the Census	1	1
148	Eh? What Did You Say	1	1	40	That Mysterious Bible	2	2
218	Everybody Astonished	4	0	245	Ticket Taker	3	0
224	Freeing with the Wrong Man	2	1	38	The Bewitched Closet	5	2
233	Freezing a Mother-in-Law	2	1	131	The Cigarette	4	2
154	Fun in a Post Office	4	2	161	The Coming Man	3	1
184	Family Discipline	0	1	167	Furn Him Out	3	2
274	Family Jars	5	2	68	The Sham Professor	4	0
269	Goose with the Golden Eggs	5	3	34	The Two T. J.'s	4	2
13	Give Me My Wife	3	3	233	The Best Cure	4	1
66	Hans, the Dutch J. P.	3	1	28	Thirty three Next Birthday	4	2
271	Hans Brummel's Cafe	3	0	142	Tit for Tat	2	1
116	Hash	4	2	256	The Printer and His Devils	3	1
120	H. M. S. Plum	1	1	263	Trials of a Country Editor	6	2
103	How Sister Pacey got her Child Baptized	2	1	7	The Wonderful Telephone	3	1
50	How She has Own Way	1	3	269	Unjust Justice	6	2
140	How He Popped the Quest'n	1	1	213	Vermont Wood Dealer	5	3
74	How to Tame a Mother-in-Law	4	2	151	Wanted a Husband	2	1
35	How Stout You Getting	5	2	56	Wooling Under Difficulties	5	3
47	In the Wrong Box	3	0	70	Which will he Marry	2	8
95	In the Wrong Clothes	5	3	135	Widower's Trials	4	5
11	John Smith	5	3	147	Waking Him Up	1	2
99	Jumbo Jun.	1	3	155	Why they Joined the Re-beccas	0	4
82	Killing Time	1	1	111	Yankee Duelist	3	1
182	Kittie's Wedding Cake	1	3	157	Yankee Peddler	7	3
127	Lick Skillet Wedding	2	2	<b>ETHIOPIAN FARCES.</b>			
228	Lauderbach's Little Surprise	3	0	204	Academy of Stars	6	0
106	Loggings for Two	1	0	45	An Unhappy Pair	1	1
139	Matrimonial Bliss	1	1	172	Black Shoemaker	4	2
231	Match for a Mother in Law	2	2	98	Black Statue	4	2
235	More Blunders than one	4	3	222	Colored Senators	3	0
69	Mother's Fool	6	1	214	Chaps	3	0
158	Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt	1	1	145	Cuff's Luck	2	1
23	My Heart's in Highlands	4	3	190	Crimps Trip	5	0
208	Vy Precious Betsey	4	4	249	Double Election	9	1
212	My Turn Next	4	3	27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend	2	0
32	My Wife's Relations	4	4	230	Haunted House	6	1
				133	Haunted House	2	0

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